VOLUME XX.—NUMBER 22.3

Choice Loetry. COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

[John Logan, who has been described as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappoi nament and misfortune, was born at Soutra. In East Lot hiaz, in 1748. He sarily evinced poetical talent, and thro ughout the whole of his productions there runs a vein of tenderness and moral sentiment tinged with melantholy. We give an extract from one of his best pieces, written during a visit to the "Country in Autumn."]

- Tis past !—no more the Summer blooms!
 Ascending in the rear.
 Behold congenial Autumn comes.
 The Sabbath of the year!
 What time thy holy whispers breathe.
 The pensive evening shade beneath.
 And twilight consecrates the floods;
 While Nature strips her garment gay.
 And wears the vesture of decay.
 O, let me wander through the sounding woods!

- Ab! well-known streams! ab! wonted groves, Still pictured in my mind!
 Of ! sacred scene of youthful loves.
 Whose image lives behind!
 While and I punder on the past.
 The joys that must no longer last:
 The wild-flower strewn on Summer's bier.
 The dving music of the grove.
 And the last elegies of lave.
 Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

- My steps, when innocent and young.
 These fairy paths pursued;
 And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung.
 My fancies to the wood.
 I mourned the linnet-lover's fate.
 Or turtle from her murdered mate.
 Condemned the widowed hours to wail;
 Or, while the mournful vision rose.
 I sought to weep for imaged uses.
 Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

- Alas: Misfortune's cloud unkind
 May Summer soon o'ercast!
 And cruel Fate's untimely wind
 All human beauty blast!
 The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
 And premised fruits and cherished flowers,
 The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
 Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
 And desolate before his time.
 In silence and the mourner walks and weeps!

- Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
 That hides me in its glosm.
 While lost in melanchely mood,
 I muse upon the tomb.
 Their chequered leaves the branches shed;
 Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
 They sadly sigh that Winter's near;
 The warning voice I hear behind,
 That shakes the wood without a wind,
 And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.
- Nor will I court Lethean streams,

- Nor will I court Lethean streams,
 The sorrowing sense to steep;
 Nor drink oblivion of the themes
 On which I lore to weep.
 Belated oft by fabled rill.
 While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
 Aerial music seems to mourn:
 I'll listen Autumn's closing strain:
 Then woo the walks of youth again.
 And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn:

Select Story.

THE HAUNTED EDITOR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I was passing from my office one day, to indulge myself with a walk, when a little, hard-faced old mysell with a walk, when a little, hard-faced old man, with a black coat, broad-brimmed hat, vel-vet breeches, shoes and buckles, and gold-head-ed cane, stopped me, standing directly in my path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I crossed my hands before me patiently, forced my features into a civil smile, and waited the development of his intentions; not being distinctly certain, from his firm, determined extending the content of health or on, whether he was "a spirit of health or pression, whether he was "a spirit of health or goblin damned." and whether his intents were "wicked or charitable"—that is, whether he came to discontinue or subscribe, to pay a bill or present one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. For my part, I am peaceable, and much attached to life, and should esteem it and much attached to lite, and the either shot or horsewhipped. I am not built for action, but horsewhipped. I am not built for action, but love to sail in quiet waters; cordially eschewing gales, waves, water-sponts, sea-serpents, earthquakes, tormadoes, and all such matters, both en sea and land. My antipathy to a horse-whip is an inheritance from boyhood. It carried me across Cassar's bridge, and through Virgil and Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable substitution of grammar, arithmetic, geograand Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable understanding of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and other occult sciences. It enlightened me not a little upon many algebraic processes, which, to speak truth, presented, otherwise, but slender claims to my consideration. It disciplined me into a uniform propriety of manners, and instilled into my bosom early rudimen's of wisdom, and principles of virtne. In my maturer years, the contingencies of life have thrust me, rather abruptly, if not reluctantly, into the editorial fraternity, (heaven bless them! I mean them no disrespect,) and in the same candor which distinguishes my former acknowledgements, I confess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtraded themselves edgements, I confess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtruded themselves
somewhat fercibly upon my fancy, in the paroxysms of an article, dampening the glow of composition, and causing certain qualifying interlineations and prudent crasures, prompted by
the representations of memory or the whispers
of prudence. The readers must not fancy, from
the form of my expression, that I have ever been
horsewhipped. I have hitherto escaped, (for
which heaven be praised!) although my horizon
has been darkened by many a cloudy threat and
thundering denunciation.

Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of
the editorial business. To have any part of one

Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of the editorial business. To have any part of one pulled is annoying; but there is a dignity about the nose, impatient even of observation or remark; while the act of taking hold of it with the thumb and finger is worse than murder, and can only be washed out with blood. Kicking, cuffing, being turned out of doors, being abused in the papers, etc., are bad, but these are mere minor considerations. Indeed, many of my brother editors rather pique themselves upon some of them, as a soldier does on the scars obtained in fighting the battles of his country. They fancy that, thereby, they are invested with claims upon their party, and suffer indefinite dreams of political connece to be awakened in their bosons. I have seen a fellow draw the his hat fiercely down over his brow, and strut about, with insufferable importance, on the strength of having been thoroughly kicked by

strength of having been thoroughly kicked by the enemy.

This is a long digression, but it passed rapidly through my mind as the little, hard-faced old gentleman stood before me, looking at me with a piercing glance and a resolute air. At length, unlike a ghost, he spoke first.

"You are the editor?"—etc.

A slight motion of acquiescence with my head, and an affirmative wave of my hand, a little leaning towards the majestic, announced to my unknown friend the accuracy of his conjecture.

The little old gentleman's face relaxed—be took off his broad brimmed hat, and laid it down with his cane carefully on the table, then seized my hand and shook it heartily. People are so polite and friendly when about to ask a favor.

"My dear sir," said be, "this is a pleasure I have long sought vainly. You must know, sir, I am the editor of a theatrical weekly—a neat thing in its way—here's the last number." He fumbled about his pocket, and produced a red-covered pamphlet.

thing in its way—here's the last modeled a redfourbled about his pocket, and produced a redcovered pamphlet.

"I have been some time publishing it, and,
though it is admitted by all acquainted with its
merits, to be clearly the best thing of the kind
ever started this side of the Atlantic, yr't people
do not seem to take much notice of it. Indeed,
my friends tell me that the public are not fully
aware of its existence. Pray let me be indebted
to you for a notice. I wish to r.e. fairly adoat.
You see I have been too diffident about it. We
modest fellows allow our inferiors to pass us
often. I will leave this number with you. Pray,
give it a good notice."

often. I will leave this number and give it a good notice."

He placed in my hands the eleventh number of the North American Thespian Magazine, devoted to the drama, and also to literature, science, history, and the arts. On reading over the prospectus, I found it vastly comprehensive, embracing pretty much every subject in the world. If so extensive a plan were decently filled up in the details, the North American Thespian Magazine was certainly worth the annual subscrip-

raised my eyes to the old gentleman with a look of solemn silence, retaining my peu ready for action, with my little finger extended, and hinting, in every way, that I was "not i' the vein." I kept my lips closed. I dipped the pen in the ink-stand several times, and held it hovering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be driven off his ground by shakes of the pen, ink-drops, or little fingers. He fumbled about in his pockets, and drew forth the red-covered North American Thespian Magazine, devoted to the drama, etc., number twelve. He wanted "a good notice. The last was rather general. I had not specified its peculiar claims upon the public. I had copied nothing. That sort of critique did no good. He begged me to read this carefully—to analyze it—to give it a candid examination." I was borne down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment, as well as, at that down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment, as well as, at that particular moment, in an impatient, feverish hurry to get on with my treatise on the "advantages of virtue," which I felt oozing out of my subsiding brain with an alarming rapidity, I promised to read, to notice, investigate, analyze to the utmost extent of his wishes, or at

least of my ability.

I could scarcely keep myself screwed to common courtesy till the moment of his departure; a proceeding which he accomplished with a most commendable self-possession and deliberate politeness. When he was fairly gone, I poked my head out, and called my boy.

"Peter. "Did you see that little, old gentleman,

"Yes, sir." Should you know him again, Peter!"

"Well, if he ever comes here again, Peter, tell

I re-entered my little study, and closed the door after me with a slam, which only could have been perceptible to those who knew my ordinary still and mild manner. There might ordinary still and mild manner. There might have been also a slight accent in my way of turning the key, and (candor is a merit!) I could not repress a brief exclamation of displeasure at the little old gentleman with his magazine, who had broken in so provokingly upon my "essay on virtne;" thought I, "I wish him to the d—."

My room is on the ground floor, and a window adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a beavy crimson curtain, near adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a heavy crimson curtain, near which I sit and scribble. I was just enlarging upon the necessity of resignation, while the frown yet lingered on my brow, and was writing myself into a more calm and complacent 1000d, when—another knock at the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's voice asserting, sturdily, that I had "gone out." Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too much of my person to withdraw, and I was recognized and ponneed upon by the little old gentleman, who had come back to inform me that he intended, as soon as the increase of his subscription would permit, to enlarge and improve his Magawould permit, to enlarge and improve his Maga-zine, and to employ all the writers in town. "I intend, also," said he, and he was in the act of intend, also," said he, and he was in the act of again laying aside that everlasting hat and cane, when a cry of fire in the neighborhood, and the smell of the burning rafters, at racted him into the street, where, as I feared, he escaped unhart. In many respects, fires are calamities; but I never saw a more forcible exemplification of Shakspeare's remark, "there is some spirit of good in things of evil," than in the relief afforded me on the present occasion. I wrote afforded with the present occasion. I wrote afforded the confined air, prejudicial to my health; but what was dyspepsia or consumption to that little, hard-faced old gentleman—to those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—to those buck-

little, hard-faced old gentleman—to those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—to those backles—to that gold-headed-cane?
"Remember. Peter," said I, the second moruing after the foregoing, "I have gone out."

"Where have you gone?" inquired Peter, with
grave simplicity. "Taey always ask me where
you have gone sir. The little man with the hat
was here last night, and wanted to go after you."

"Forbid it, beaven! I have gone to Albany,
Peter, on business."

"Forbid it, beaven! I have gone to Albany, Peter, on business."

I can hear in my room pretty much what passes in the adjoining one, where visitors first enter from the street. I had scarcely got comfortably scated, in a rare mood for poetry, giving the last touches to a poem, which, whatever might be the merits of Byron and Moore, I did not think altogether indifferent, when I heard the little old gentleman's voice inquiring for me. "I must see him; I have important business," it said.

it said.

"He has gone out," replied Peter, in an under tone, in which I could detect the consciousness that he was uttering a bonneer.

"But I must see him," said the voice.

"The scoundre!" muttered I.

"He is not in town, sir," said Peter.

"I will not detain him a single minute. It is of the utmest importance. He would be very sorry, very, should he miss me."

I held my breath—there was a pause—I gave myself up for lost—when Peter replied firmly.

self up for lost—when Peter replied firmly.
"He is in Albany, sir. Went off at 5 o'clock

"Don't know. Where does he stay ?" "Don't know."
"I'll call to-morrow."

"Pon't know."

"Pil call to-morrow."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and inwardly resolved to give Peter a half-dollar, although he deserved to be horse-whipped for his readiness at deception. I laughed aloud triumphantly, and slapped my hand down upon my knee with the feelings of a fugitive debtor, who, hotly pursued by the Sheriff's officer, escapes over the line into another County, and snaps his fugers at Moncieur Bailiff. I was aronsed from my merry mood of reverie by a touch on my shoulder. I turned suddenly. It was the hard-faced little old gentleman, peeping in from the street. His broad-brimmed hat and two-thirds of his face was just lifted above the window-sill. He was evidently standing on tiptoe; and the window being open, he had put aside the curtain, and was soliciting my attention with the end of his cane.

cane.

"Ah!" said he, "is it you! Well, I thought it was you, but I wasn't sure. I won't interrupt you. Here are the proofs of number thirteen; you'll find something glorious in that—just the thing for you—don't forget me next week—good bye. I'll see you again in a day or two."

I shall not cast a gloom over my readers by dwelling upon my feelings. Surely, there are sympathetic bosoms among them. To them I

tion money, which was only one dollar. I said so under my "literary notices" in the next impression of my journal; and, although I had not actually read the work, yet it sparkled so with asterisks, dashes, and notes of admiration, that it looked interesting. I added in my critique, that it was elegantly got up, that its typograph; ical execution reflected credit on the publishers, that its failure would be a grievous reproach to our city, that its editor was a scholar, a writer, and a gentleman, and was favorably known to the literary circles by the eloquence, wit, and feeling of his former productions. What these productions were, I should have been rather puzzled to say, never having read, or even heard of them. This, however, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally cast in one mould, that article in miss tribulation, on reading over the article in many the same tribulation, on reading over the article in many the same tribulation, on reading over the safety of the same tribulation, on reading over the words "mative genium," which possesses a kind of common law right to a place in all articles on American literary productions. Forth, however, it went into the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion, in fanoying how pleased the little, hard-faced old gentleman would be with these flattering econiums of his "Theopias Magasian," in the same production of the day and a server in the same productions of the day was a server of the day and the same production. Forth, however, it went into the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion, in fanoying how pleased the little, hard-faced old gentleman would be with these flattering econiums of his "Theopias Magasian," in the same production, and may "come in" exhibited to view the broad-brimmed hat of the hard-faced old gentleman with a load of the same provided that the same production, and may "come in" exhibited to view the broad-brimmed hat of the hard-faced old gentleman with a load and and given him

seen the little old gentleman, with a package in his hand, standing opposite to the one through which we usually entered, and looking at the

office wistfully.

By means of these arrangements, I succeeded in preserving my solitude inviolate, when, to my indignation, I received several letters from different parts of the country, written by my friends, and pressing upon me, at the solicitation of the little old gentleman, the propriety of giving the Thespias Magazine a good notice. I toreathe letters each one, as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadelphia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have at least two or three weeks respite. I reached the place of my three weeks respite. I reached the place of my destination about five o'clock in the afternoon. It was lovely weather. The water spread out like unrippled glass, and the sky was painted with a thousand varying shadows of crimson

with a thousand varying shadows of crimson and gold.

The boat touched the shore, and while I was watching the change of a lovely cloud, I heard the splash of a heavy body plunged into the water. A sudden sensation ran along the crowd, which rushed from all quarters toward the spot; the ladies shrieked, and turned away their heads; and I perceived that a man had fallen from the deck, and was struggling in the tide, with one hand held convulsively above the surface. Being a practiced swimmer, I hesitated not a moment, but flung off my hat and coat, and sprang to his rescue. With some difficulty, I succeeded in bearing him to a boat and dragging him from

in bearing him to a boat and dragging him from
the stream. I had no sooner done so, than to
my horror and astonishment, I found I had saved the little hard-faced old gentleman. His
snuff-colored breeches were dripping before me
—his broad-brimmed hat floated on the current
—but his cane (thank Heaven!) had sunk forevmy Heavenstein ill consequences from —but his cane (thank Heaven!) had sunk forever. He suffered no other ill-consequences from the catastrophe, than some ixjury to his garments, and the loss of his cane. His gratitude for my exertions knew no bounds. He assured me of his conviction that the slight acquaintance previously existing between us, would now be ripened into intimacy, and informed me of his intention to lodge at the same hotel with me. He had come to Philadelphia to see about a plate for his sixteenth number, which was to surpass all its predecessors, and of which he would let me have an early copy, that I might notice it as it deserved.

Miscellany.

BRYANT'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

We see there, o'er our pathway swept, A torrent streem of blood and fire; And thank the ruling power who kept Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell.
With all thy strifes, and hopes and fears.

And then, one new beginning age, Warned by the past, and not in vain, Write on a fairer, whiter page, The record of thy happier reign.

BOOTS FROM HUMAN SKIN.

Converting the Cuticle of an Unknown Man Human skin has at last been utilized, and a pair of boots is the result. H. & A. Marenholz, bootmakers, of this city, have long been interested in experimenting upon the skins of sundry animals and fishes, with a view of ascertaining their adaptibility for leather. In addition to tanning the hides of horses, donkeys, kangaross, alligators, anneoudas, boa constrictors, and catfishes, Mr. H. Marenholz, who is more especially interested in the work, has produced good leather from the skin of a human being. Of this he has made a pair of handsome boots, which were sent to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, for transmission to the Centennial. Of a pair sent to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, for transmission to the Centennial. Of a pair of boots from alligator skin also sent, Professor Spencer V. Baird, of that institution, writes that they will be accorded a place in the exhibition, but that he has not decided on displaying the human boots. He fears the indignation that may be excited against assumed profanation of the human body. The skin was taken from the breast, stomach and back of a man in y dissecting room, who had died suddenly from an accident, and whom decay had not begus to act upon. It was placed in a solution of hemlock bark and white oak bark, usually used in tanning, on. It was placed in a solution of hemlock bark and white oak bark, usually used in tanning, and in three weeks from the first steeping, appeared as the upper leathers and legs of the boots in question. The soles were made from cowskin. The boots were out blacked, but forwarded in the light, brown color that the tanning had created. The leather is somewhat coarser than calf-skin, and more porous. The pores of cattle are far more minute than those of horses and human beings, and bovine animals, like dogs, perspire but slightly. Their heat departs largely from the open mouth.

After allowing for the necessary waste, the skin of an average-sized man will make two pairs of boots, including the soles; but the latter would not be sufficiently hard for economical use. Here is a new idea for individuals selling their bodies for dissection before death.

Mr. Marenholz is continuing his experiments upon human skin, but with a higher view than that of preparing it for boots. He desires that after tauning it shall preserve its original whiteness, and is now endeavoring, by a process different from that ordinarily availed of, to attain his end. In the case of success, he proposes to tan the enticles of a man, a woman, and a baby, and staff them for exhibition in the Bellevne Hospital Medical Museum.—N. Y. Nercury.

W ILLIAM BLACK, the English novelist, is mad because he has not been looked upon in the United States as of any importance compared with Bob Ingersoll, Jim Blaine, Ben Butler, Carl Schurz, or Sitting Bull.

CUSTER'S FIGHT OUTDONE.

A Terrible Incident of Thirty. Five Years Ago —An English Army of Fourteen Thomsand Troops and Camp Followers Massacred by Afghanistans While Retreating to India— Only One Survivor.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1876.

EDITOR ST. LOUIS JOURNAL :- The late destruction of Custer and his band is so recent an event, and has been brought so vividly before the public mind, that little need be said of it here, except that the defeat and partial destruction of Braddock's forces, and the rescue of the remain

cept that the defeat and partial destruction of Braddock's forces, and the rescue of the remain der by Washington, come up in review.

It is certain that no historian or writer likes to record disaster to his side, and thus it is that while the victories are written of, and portrayed in every shape and form, the defeats are kept as much as possible in the background.

English historians are not fond of telling of defeats, more than any one else, yet the winter of 1841-2 saw a terrible disaster overtake an English army retreating from Afghanistan through the Cabul Pass, toward India, and that defeat was due, mainly, if not entirely, to gross mismanagement on the part of the leaders.

The campaign with Afghanistan was intended to place a man on the throne of Cabul who was in the interest of the British, and thus oppose a barrier to the advance of Russia. The army which occupied Cabal consisted of 13,000 men, the coatingent of the Shah or King, and about 6,000 men which constituted the garrison under the immediate command of Elphenstone and Shelton, and it is with these latter we have to do.

The political envoy, Sir William McNaughton, believed in the occupation of Afghanistan as a pet hobby of his own, and besides this, he was a singularly obstinate man. The General in command, Elphenstone, a man who had seen considerable service in his youth, was physically unfit from gout and disease, and he was totally ignorant of the country; in fact, it was more his misfortune than his fault that he was chosen to command the expedition.

Shelton, who was second in command, and

fortune than his fault that he was chosen to command the expedition.

Shelton, who was second in command, and Colonel of the 44th Regiment, was a hard, cold, and contemptuous man, and so cordially hated by his regiment, that when they heard of his being killed by accident, they cheered while nuder arms on parade, a breach of discipline looked npon as not only most unusual, but as unexampled. Elphenstone and he could not agree, and between these two and the political envoy, McNaughton, there was continual strife, a sort

and between these two and the political envoy. McNsughton, there was continual strife, a sort of triangular fight; no measures were taken for the safety of the troops; to establish themselves in a strong position, so as to resist the attack of superior numbers; to be near the troops of the Shab, for mutual support; to select a place where the road to British India was covered; none of these things were done, neither did they have regard to the safety of the commissariat stores.

They were in such a position that, should retreat prove necessary, they had to traverse the Khoord, Cabul and Khylen Passes for a distance of five hundred and thirty miles, and through a country of a doubtful ally, for the country of the Sikdsor Punjanb was then independent, while by another route, the distance to British India was six hundred and eighty miles, through almost an enemy's country.

The new King was supposed to be firmly established, and the order for the return of some of the troops was sent. These were to gothrough Khylen Pass under Sir Robert Sale, back to India, but the arrangements for transportation

Khylen Pass under Sir Robert Sale, back to In-dia, but the arrangements for transportation were so bad, that instead of moving the entire force together, they broke them up in detach-ments, and, in the case of one British regiment, their arms were worn out-flint muskets—al-though four thousand new ones were in store, but were not allowed to be issued by General

Elphenstone.

After a great deal of fighting and skirmishing, in which neither Gen. Elphenstone nor Brigadier Shelton showed the slightest military capacity, and took every opportunity of thwarting and aunoying each other in every way, the crisis came. The condition of things got so serious that it was determined to enter into a treaty for the evacuation of the country.

This freaty undid all that the expedition had attempted or succeeded in doing, and what made matters werse, did not insure any safety for the troops.

tro-ps.

The fact was, the treaty dethroned the man the British had put upon the throne, liberated their enemy and placed him in power, and with this storm in front and around them, the retreat began.

Notwithstanding the representations of the officer in charge of the commissariat, the supplies were left insufficiently guarded, and were lost, the natives refused to supply anything, and

be troops were starving.

The confusion in the cantonments was fearful, discipline was almost totally disregarded, and the troops instead of starting at daybreak, did not leave till 9 o'clock. This was the 6th of January, 1842. The rear-guard was to have left at noon, but did not start till 3 o'clock, and the crowd of camp-followers and cattle became so mixed up, and upwangable that it was imposmixed up and unmanagable that it was impossible to protect them. The rear-guard had to fight its way through a continuous lane of men, women, and children, dying and dead from cold,

hunger, and wounds.

In deep snow this army, or rather, rabble of In deep snow this army, or rather, raible of armed men, camp-followers, women and chil-dren marched along, now and then to be dashed into by the Afghans, who cut down all they en-countered, and carried off what plunder they could, and amongst all this was heard the cries of the wounded, and those overcome by cold, wounds, and fatigue, sinking down in the mire

The last gun was abandoned, and the fate of

the army was scaled.
All hope had gone.
They marched on through the pass, under a heavy fire from each side, to halt at night, lie down, and, in a great many cases, never rise

The cold was so intense that the men were The cold was so intense that the men were frost-bitten, and of the women and children, the less said the better; they had no chance.

Of all this force of five thousand disciplined men and eight thousand camp-followers, man after man was massacred, and D. Bryan, Assistant Surgeon of the 44th, alone, wounded, exhansted, and starving, arrived at Jellalabad, to amounce the destruction of his comrades.

Only accumulation of incapacity, cowardice, mismanagement and stupidity could have achieved such a disaster.

Century Ago The Battle with the Red Conts where the City of Churches Stands.

Coats where the City of Churches Mands.

The little chapel of St. Thomas, at Cooper and Bushwick avenues, Brooklys, stands on historic ground. The minister, the Rev. Cornelius L. Twing, yesterday preached a sermon commemorative of the battle of Long Island, a part of which took place on the very spot where his little church now stands. He took as his text the words of Balanm, "What has God wrought?' In elucidating his subject, he compared the Brooklyn of 1776 with the Brooklyn of 1876.

In 1776 Brooklyn had a population of three thousand, scattered over a territory as extensive as is the city. At the Fulton ferry there was a little cluster of houses. About one mile from the ferry, on the old Jamaica road, was a church, and at the lower end of Bushwick avenue there was another. Around these churches, and at Bedford and Fulton avenues, were a number of buildings; the rest of the land was in farms, upon which were built old-fashioned Datch houses, a few of which still remain. He gave a sketch of the battle.

houses, a few of which still remain. He gave a sketch of the battle.

At the Union Avenue Baptist Church, Greenpoint, last evening, the Rev. D. C. Hughes preached upon the battle and its lessons, detailing the incidents of the war immediately preceding the battle of Long Island, the storming of Quebce, and the victory of the American forces at Boston, and describing the hardships and privations that the army under Gen. Washington were forced to endure. He described the retreat of the army from Long Island to New York under cover of a dense fog that overspread the island, while between the troops and the New York abore the way was clear and plain. Only one instance is recorded, said the speaker, so remarkable as this, and that is the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, when pursued by Pharaoh and his host—N. Y. Sun.

LITTLE Sunday-school boys of Nevada push chunks of coal over the edge of the mines, in or-der to hear the wicked heathens at the bottom chatter and call on their idols.

LIPS THAT KISSED ME, LONG AGO.

- BY HOWARD THURSTON.
- Lips that kissed me, long ago.
 Ye were fair, and ye were sweet!
 Tender lips. I loved ve so;
 Mine ye often used to meet.
 Then Love sang its gladdest song:
 Then liope were its blittest smile
- For your kisses ripe and long. Thrilled my being all the while! Then the days were young and fair, Golden with a glory bright:
 Life was like an answered prayer,
 Holding in it rare delight.
 Never came a cloud above,
 Never waned the golden glow,
 Never ceased the song of Love—
 Lips that kissed me, long ago!
- Never came!—nay, I forget; Every glad thing perisheth; Checks that smile will soon be wet, Ellossons sweetest fade in death. All the golden glory fled; Lave a sad song chanted low; And a long adien we said— Lips that kissed me, long ago!
- Ab, ye tender, loving lips!
 What is day without the sun?
 When unending its eclipse.
 Has not then the night begun?
 In the darkness still I wait.
 Looking backward to the light,
 Through the years all desolute,
 Seeing where I entered night.
- Could I feel your kisses sweet Conid I ree your klasses sweet
 Once again upon my own.
 Love its glad song would repeat.
 Only gladder, aweeter grown:
 Hope again its smile would wear;
 All the brightness I should know.
 Life would be my answered prayer—
 Lips that kissed me, long ago!

THE MORGAN PAMILY. People Who Require More Killing than the Rest of Hamanity.

ost precisely half a century since Capt. It is almost precisely half a century since Capt. William Morgan, of this State, involved himself in certain temporary difficulties by undertaking to reveal the tremendous secrets of Freemasonry. Nothing is better established than that Morgan was kidmapped by over-zentous Masons, knocked on the head at Fort Morgan, and subsequently cast into Lake Ontario, with a large amount of ald iron bases have been their secrets. old from hung about his person. After a pro-longed residence at the bottom of the lake, his body was found and fully identified by his widow. The identification was peculiarly conclusive, since Morgan ran to teeth to an unprecedented extent, having something like three doz-en double teeth. The corpse found in Lake On-tario was similarly prodigal in teeth, and was moreover arrayed in Morgan's trousers. There is not the least possible doubt that Morgan was thoroughly killed, and was, at the time of find-ing his body, as dead as any man could well be. In these circumstances almost any other man would have accepted the situation, and watched from the spirit land, with satisfaction and patience, the sale of his revelations, and the arrest

and trial of his murlerers.

But William Morgan was of a peculiarly ob-But William Morgan was of a peculiarly obobstinate disposition. Without any apparent
object, except that of disappointing the just expectations of his executioners, he persisted in
coming to life again, and dying and dying at a
variety of different places and periods. He was
a merchant in Smyrna, where he died universally regretted by his Mohammedan friends, in
about the year 1830. He was a sugar planter in
Louisiana, where he was a perpetual mystery to
his neighbors, and only revealed his identity on
his death-bed—say in 1839. When gold was discovered in California in 1849, the indefatigable
Morgan, who was then living in India, hastened dorgan, who was then living in India, has to the mines, where he was accidentally killed in the course of a difficulty with a grizzly bear. Two years ago be died in Southern Illinois, where he was hopeussy endeavoring to carn a living by offering water-filters for sale to the as-tonished inhabitants. Finally, Captain Morgan died last Spring in a hermit's hut in the Canadi-an woods, where he had lived hidden for nearly lifty years, fed by the secret charity of certain

venerable anti Masonie politicians. So much for the obstinacy and wonderful at-tachment to life of William Morgan. Sir Henry Morgan, once a prosperous and popular bucca-neer, thus exhibited a like disposition, though in somewhat a different way. After having been dead for nearly two hundred years, he recently formed the idea of materializing himself by the aid of professional ghost manufaturers in London and Philadelphia. He was usually accompanied and Philadelphia. He was usually accompanied in those recreations by his daughter, and the two, for some occult reason, preferred to be known by the names of "John King" and "Katie King." The latter young lady, however, did not conduct herself with discretion in point of onions, and by an untimely indulgence in those pervading esculents, brought her buccaneering relative as well as herself into such disrepute in Philadelphia, some months since, that the pair are no longer admitted to the best circles of ghostly society.

And now there turns up still another Morgan, who demonstrates anew the difficulty of induc-

And now there turns up still another Morgan, who demonstrates anew the difficulty of inducing members of that irrepressible family to remain killed. General John Morgan, of Kentucky, the famous Confederate vough-rider, who during the war made the tenure of property in Kentucky horses so exceedingly precarious, was shot in 1964 by Federal cavalrymen, who had taken him prisoner, and from whom he had attempted to escape. Did he remain dead? Not a bit of it. He was a Morgan, and he knew better. He had his second avatar in Oregon, where he amused himself with cutting down trees instead of Federal soldiers, and where his neighbors, who regarded him as an extraordinary judge of horses Federal soldiers, and where his neighbors, who regarded him as an extraordinary judge of horses and chickens, never dreamed how he had acquired his peculiar knowledge. He died only a few weeks since, having first confided the secret of his identity to a local newspaper reporter, and bound him to perpetual silence. He will, of course, die somewhere else before very long. When a Morgan once gets into a confirmed habit of dying and coming to life again, he is certain to afford occupation to at least a generation of imaginative news purveyors.

Now here are facts enough upon which to build the theory that Morgans require a great deal more killing than is needed by other men. Indeed, it may be considered doubtful whether a Morgan can be entirely killed, at least to such an extent as to prevent him from coming to life

an extent as to prevent him from coming to life again. There are philosophers who, with three such well established facts as the re-appearance of the Morgan, the buccaneering, and the Con-federate Morgan, would consider that they had sufficient data to formulate a new theory of the creation, or to demonstrate the non-existence of a great first cause. Let us see whether they have the courage to grapple with the facts as to the extraordinary babits of the Morgans, and to draw from them the legitimate and necessary conclusions.—New York Times.

Specie Besumption Sixty Years Ago.

In those days the question of resumption of specie payment was the great and paramount topic. All the banks suspended specie payments during, and some years after, the war of 1812, and the efforts at resumption established the fact of Greeley's proposition, "the way to resume is to resume." The secretary of the treasnry gave notice t' at after February 1, 1817, all United States taxes must be paid in specie. The New York Gazette, of February 21, 1817, says: "Yesterday our banks commenced paying specie. New York Gazette, of February 21, 1817, says: "Yesterday our banks commenced paying specie. They were prepared, and before 10 o'clock their extensive counters exhibited a glitter of gold and silver coin that delighted every beholder. But contrary to all calculations (which is honorable to the citizens of this wealthy metropolis), there was no run for specie, and the porters of the banks, after bank hours, were obliged to lug back to the vaults the bags of coin, which in the morning they had brought to meet the expected demand. In a few days all paper change will be out of circulation. Much of the trash was redeemed yesterday and committed to the flames."

— 8t. Louis Giobe Democrat.

THE house in which Goldsmith lived, while usher in Dr. Milner's school at Peckham, in 1756, and where he wrote, it is said, part of "The Vicar of Wakefield," has been sold "for building

[From the Toledo Blade.] THE NASBY LETTERS.

Mr. Nusby is Given Charge of the Southern Editorial Bureau for One Day, and, as Unasl, Makes a Muddle of It-The Terrible Bessell.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Oct. 29, 1876.

Oct. 29, 1876.

The Editorial Burow run by the Grate Reformer, Tilden, in Noo York, wich furnishes reddymade editorials to Dimekratic editors, is one nuthe most be deficent ijees nv the age. It is well to hev the Dimekratic press furnisht with its articles reddy-made, 1st, becoz ther ort to be some intelleck into em, and 2d, becoz without one common fount nv inspirashen, in a party made up uv sich diverse views ez ours, ther woodent be that yoonanimity wich is desirable. It is a plesent thing for a Dimekratic editer to git his editorials all printed on a sheet, for it saves work, and besides, he alluz knows he is sayin the rite thing. Hence I hev alluz approved uv the Noo York Burow, and waz delited when another waz put in operashun in Loois-

when another waz put in operashun in Loois The manager uv the Looisvile Burow is a old frend uv mine, and last week, when I wuz in that city, to see about gittin off our Reformers wich are to vote in Injeany, I made my head-quarters in his offis. He wuz ther, and he desired me to take charge uv the offis. Gladly I as-soomed the task, for hevin looked at the nigger postmaster at the Corners the day I left, I felt that I coodent do too much for Tilden and Re-

that I coolent do too much for Tilden and Reform.

"I know I kin trust yoo, Nasby," sed he, "for yoor hart is in the work, and yoo are a man uvintelligence. Yoo will find likker enuff in that dimijon to last yoo till I return."

And then he sent out for the printed sheets nveditorial matter, wich wuz to be sent out that day, and explained em to me. This lot wuz to go to the Northwest, tother to the South, and so on, and, remarkin that eternal virilinges is the

go to the Northwest, tother to the South, and so on, and, remarkin that eternal vigilance is the price nv postoffises, went his way.

I alluz commence work with a drink, and findin the likker ruther better than we git at the Cor-ners, (Tildeu don't scrimp his officers), I took two or three ez a appetizer, and then two or three mote to satisfy my appetite.

more to satisfy my appetite.

Things immejitly assemed a rose colored hue to me. In the olden time, when I wuz in det, and it worried me—that wuz a grate many yeers and it worried me—that wuz a grate many yeers the state of th and it worried me—that wiz a grate many yeers ago—I alinz flew for releef to the flowin bole. One drink made me feel ez tho the det wuz haff paid, another pervided me with the money to pay the other haff, and four made me a capitalist, lookin about for elegible investments. It is the same now, only it takes more to rasp the coats uv the stumick, and grip the more immejit centers uv life. In this instance, four drinks made Injeany shoor for Tilden, five give us Ohio, and by the time I had taken a dozen, I wood hev bet my boots on carryin Massychoosits.

In this condishn uv mind, I commenced my

work. I wuz zellus-wood that I hed bin joo-dishus. I sent off a ton or or more uv reddy-made editorials, and feelin that I hed dun my dooty,

Ther waz dismay in that burrow, in about ten days. I hed forgotten the direckshaus, and hed sent to all the Dimecratic editors in Wisconsin

Samuel J. Tilden never sympathized with the war nor its abettors. He considered a man with a blue uniform on as but little better than a gorilla, and his hatred of abolitionism amounts to almost a manua. The restoration of the old order uv things will be Mr. Tilden's first work. And this to the Dimecratic editors av Iowa: There can be no doubt as to Mr. Tilden's posiclaims of the people of the South for the property destroyed by the hordes of the tyrant Lincoln. We know he is committed to it as strongly as it is possible for a man to be. And besides, when his principal support comes from the South, how can he avoid it? Every Southerner who lost

perty during the late unholy war, will vote Tilden and Reform. And this to every blessid Dimekratic editor in

It is absurd to suppose that Mr. Tilden would favor so monstrous a proposition as the payment of rebel war claims, for property taken from red-handed rebels by the gallant soldiers of the Republic in putting down an unholy and unjustifi-able rebellion. Mr. Tilden, during the war, was a steady upholder of his country's flag, and the North had no more actively loyal citizen. He is pledged against any proposition of the kind, or anything looking to it. And, wat waz wass, this to South Carlina:

What absorbity to charge Mr. Tilden with a desire to restore slavery, or to deprive our color-ed fellow-citizens of the ballot. True, white slavery had a Constitutional guarantee, he was willing the curse should exist until it could be willing the curse should exist until it could be constitutionally exterminated, and be may have doubted the expediency of giving the colored man the ballot till the biterness of the war had been in some degree alleviated. But Mr. Tilden would sooner remain in private life than to de prive the colored man of the ballot he is entitled to, and in the event of his election, the whole power of the Government, civil and military, will be used to protect him in his heaven-born rights. Wade Hampton and his murderons crew will hunt their holes when that lover of equality, Samuel J. Tilden, is scated in the Presidential chair, and has the army in his control. chair, and has the army in his control.

And this to Conettient and Massychoosits: Mr. Tilden has no sympathy with the Eastern Shylocks who demand hard money and resumption of specie payments. He is committed to a flexible currency, and as large a volume of greenbacks as the wants of the country demand. And he will not go to the blue-nosed Puritan for advice as to the quantity to be issued. This to Injeany and Ohio;

This to Injeany and Ohio:

No man who knows him, will accuse Mr. Tilden of that undiluted lunacy, that financial madness of anti-resumption and expansion. He is for hard money, first, last, and all the time—he would resume, were it possible, next year, next mouth, next week, to-morrow. He has no sympathy with the howlers for greenbacks, and none whatever with those who would postpone, indefinitely, the payment of the debt in the only money that is money, gold.

I hed sent the editorials intended for Alabama

I hed sent the editorials intended for Alabama and South Carlina to Wisconsin and Iowa, and them intended for the East to the West, and the trubble wax, that ez the editors wich got cm hed got into a habit uv publishin all uv the Burow-articles, without reedin uv em, haff uv em got

The remark av the manager, when he returned, and found out wat hed happened, waz pinted:
"The only good ther is in whisky is, it kills Nas-

The only good ther is in wanky is, it kills Nas-bys."

It won't burt us much, however. The Dimoc-risy, ex a rule, ain't gifted reeders, and the most inverse will hev votid afore they git the articles spelled out. This inability to reed is our rock, and on it we rest sekoorely. Still I wish it hedn't hapened, and I wish also that it waz pos-sible for me to laber in a party that hedn't quite so many sets uv principles. I shel never krink a drop hereafter, when I hev hold uv the masheen-ry uv the organizashen.

Petroleum V. Nashy, Reformer.

CRIEF JUSTICE DALY, in his speech at Philadelphis on the nureiling of the statue of Columbus, suggested that the dust of the great Genoese should be removed from Havana, where it is now deposited, to his birth-place. The idea is pretty, though a trifle fanciful. It is not likely-to obtain much standing with the Spanish authorities, who have so few illustrious bones within their dominious that they can bardly afford to part with any. Moreover, since Spain was the first country to appreciate Columbus, it should be the first to reflect the lustre of his fame, even though his experience with chains of Spanish manufacture may have allayed, in his life time, his own feelings of gratitude.

Among the vagrants of Leeds, England, are two men who are seventy years old, and twins. They sleep in each other's arms on cold nights.

Courier-Journal: A New York paper informs as that "Charles Lewis, of Colchester, Conn., who was last week made a father at the age of eighty-three, has died." We should have supposed that if his wife could stand it, he could.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,010.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O'er fallen leaves
The west wind grieves.
Yet comes a Spring-time round again
And morn shall see
The State sown free.
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street.
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands cot
The moulds of fate
That shape the State.
And make or mar our comm-

Around I see
The powers that be:
I stand by empire's primal springs:
And Princes meet
In every street.
And hear the tread of uncrowned Kings

Hark! through the crowd

The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon:
God save the land
A careless hand
May shake or sever ere morrow's noon

No jest is this: One cast amiss.

May blot the hope of Freedom's year.

O. take me where

Are hearts of prayer, And foreheads bowed in re-Not lightly fall Beyond recall The written servel a breath can float; The crowning fact, The kingliest act Of freedom, is a freeman's vote.

For pearls that gem

A diadem,
The diver in the deep sea dies;
The regal right
We beast to night.
Is ours by costlier sacrifice. Our hearts grow cold.
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the sword,
The axe, the cord,
Grim nurses at its couch of pain.

Shame from all hearts Unworthy arts, The fraud designed, the purpose dark; And smite away All hands that lay Profancly on the sacred ark.

So shall our voice

So shall our voice
Of severeign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one.

AN OLD MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE. The Ancestral Home of the Marietta Putna

But few events of historic interest ever occurred to make famous this "ancient town upon the hills," and but few landmarks remain to remind the present generation of the olden time. There is, however, one spot which possesses more than common interest, which the following brief sketch

is, nowever, one spot which possesses more than common interest, which the following brief sketch will indicate:

About half way down the western slope of "Meeting-House Hill," on the south side of the street, may be found an ancient cellar, now nearly filled by earth, old foundation stones, and rubbish, over which once stood a spacious mansion of the provincial period, built about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, at a time when Rutland was one of the most thriving towns in the County. Its builder and owner was Colonel John Murray, who came to America, a poor Irish emigrant, without sufficient means to pay his passage. He settled in Rutland, a few years after its incorporation. He possessed considerable natural ability, and by its exercise, together with great energy and business capacity, he became one of the affluent as well as popular men of his time in Worcester County. He repre-

men of his time in Worcester County. He represented the town in the General Assembly at Boston for twenty consecutive years, and held other important offices under the Provincial Government. His dress and style of living corresponded with his high position in society, and his mansion was the scene of many brilliant entertainments, patronized by the representatives of wealth and fashion of the period.

When at the height of his prosperity, the war of the Revolution commenced. He was a firm royalist, and received from the King an appointment as one of the mandamus counselors, which honor he readily accepted. The people were exasperated in view of the position he had taken, and on the 22d of August, 1774, about five hundred people from Worcester, increased in number and on the 22d of Angust, 1774, about five hundred people from Worcester, increased in number to about two thousand by citizens of adjoining towns, marched into Rutland, for the purpose of demanding his resignation, and enforcing an oath of fealty to the cause of the colonies. Colonel Murray, having received intimation of the intended visit, privately left the town the previous night, and fled the country, never to return. In 1779 his vast estates were confiscated and sold by the Government. The home property was purchased by General Rufus Putnam, an able officer in the Continental army and a personal friend of Washington, who, after the war, acted a very important part in the settlement of Ohio.

From 1780 to 1790 the house was occupied by General Putnam and family. During the years 1784 and 1785, he was actively engaged in mavailing efforts to secure from Congress an appropriation of land in the "Great Northwest Territory," (now comprising all the States north of

vailing efforts to secure from Congress an appropriation of land in the "Great Northwest Territory," (now comprising all the States north of the Ohlo River, between Pennsylvania and the Mississippi River), for the benefit of officers and soldiers who served during the war. At this place was dated his frequent correspondence with Washington, with reference to this subject. Under the roof of this old mansion, "on the night of the 9th of January, 1776, from a prolonged conference between the two mee, proceeded the first germ of the present great State of Ohio!" General Tupper, a firm friend of General Putnam, had just returned from a long tour into the territory northwest of the Ohio Tiver, bringing with him favorable reports of its "beanty and fertility," and after an all night's conference on the momentous subject between these two men, they abandoned the hope that Congress would do anything favorable to their enterprise, and "determined to issue a public notice, addressed to offices and soldiers, and other good citizens, to meet at Boston by delegates to be chosen in the several Counties, on the 1st of March following, for the purpose of forming an association to be called the 'Ohio Company,' whose purpose shall be the purchase of lands in the Western country, and a settlement thereon."

The result is familiar to all versed in American history. It was not outil November of 1790 that General Putnam finally vacated the historic mansion, by the removal of his entire families (comprising about fifty persons) from Rutland Joined the Ohio Company in its settlement at Marietta. One of that number, Colonel Augustus Stone, of Harmar, Ohio, then a boy of eight years, still survives at the age of 95; he was a son of Israel Stone, who lived on one of the Muschopange farms previous to removing to Ohio. In an autograph letter which the writer received from him not long since, he speaks familiarly of the topography of Rutland, and remembers attending the District school there, and other incidents of his early life. Thus we se

A HENRY CLAY banner that was unfurled in the Presidential campaign of 1844, can be seen at the Union League club-house, in Philadelphia. It is made of fine blue silk, and is twelve feet high. On one side is the portrait of the "Mill-boy of the Siashes," and on the other are the coats of arms of the States, arranged in a circle. The staff was cut by Henry Clay himself, at Ashland, and the hanner was presented by the Whigs of Baltimore to the Whigs of Delaware.

A STRANGE STORY is told of a horseman on a white charger, who, in the thick of a battle between the Turks and Servians rode in front of a Servian regiment, and shouted to them to retire, as the Turks were in the rear. The apparition was not seen again, and proved to have Turk, who had risked his life in the ruse.

When a Chinaman dies in California, t nourners have a dauce, roast a bog, and eat cal ad candles.

the open mouth. After allowing for the necessary waste, the